THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

TO ——

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY C. H. CONNELLY.

Farewell—we part to meet no more,
Now all my dearest hopes are o'er;
My brightest dreams of earth are fled,
No ray of hope is left to shed
One beam of light o'er darkness drear,
To tell the wretch life once was fair!

Oh! once I hoped for better things,
When moments flew on wreath wings;
When thy young heart at feeling's shrine,
Breathed forth the vow "*forever thine*,"
I vainly hoped or pure heart
From truth's bright track could ne'er depart!

But 'tis not mine, false one, with thee
To act the part thou'st play'd to me!
I took no harsh or unkind tone,
To probe a heart to truth unknown;
Thou saw the mists that shroud thy soul,
May feel redness's stern control.

If shame your cheek could spread in deed
From mortify'd gloomie, which o'er you shed
Their baneful light of phantom glare,
You oft will pour in mute misery,
In dreadful doubts, or terrors shrunk,—
Farewell! I'll ne'er disturb you more.

THE SLEIGHERS' SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY "THE VILLAGER."

When the sun lies deep on the snow green vale,
And its spotless flakes on the cold winds sail,
Like the wide bee hive from its hidden store,
That shine in some fairy queen's fanfare:

Then, we group the ride of the curbless steed,
And follow his flight where the wild winds lead,
While the joyous sound of our tinkling bells,
Is borne through the woods, where the gay fox dwells.

They roll of the song of the sighing wind,
That droops far away in the city's shade;
So the voice of the sighing wind never far,
As she glides along in the wheeltime tar

Here, no fastening tongue with its accents wild,
Can steal the poor heart of this guileless child:
But her eye is bright, and her laugh rings clear,
Yet she never flirts, as the sweetest are

And the lover that knows her glowing cheek,
In the mazes of waltz, from his arm wake to seek;
For he cares when he heard the music's swell,
That flew to his home from the merry bell.

The Arcadian Queen in the upper air,
The Gondolier glides in his bark so fair,
But for the sleigher more wildly thrills,
To the tinkling sound of the magic bells.

Original Tales.

TOO PROUD.
A Sketch from Real Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JANE WEAVER.

"What do you intend to do?" said Edward Hanson to his brother Frederick, as the orphan boys sat together, about two months after the death of their parents. "It is necessary for us to act speedily, for our money is nearly gone: and it will not do to starve."

"What do you intend to do?" said Frederick, echo, though the elder seemed disposed to hear his brother's plans before he entered upon his own.

"I shall look out for work of some kind, and set to-day. The truth is there is no choice. Bread we must have, and nothing won't bring it. I'm not most labor for it, as better persons have done before me."

"I don't see that," said Frederick. "Father was a lawyer, and the first of his family who stooped to be more than his all the real wants gentlemen, and lived on their estates. What would he think if he was alive, to see his sons hiring out as day laborers. It seems going behind a counter! No. I'll never come to that—I'll starve first! But there's no necessity for such extremities," added Frederick, in a less vehement tone, "for old Mr. Newton, you know, has invited us there, and I shall accept the invitation."

"What! go where you are not wanted!" exclaimed Edward indignantly. "I am sure, Frederick, you said when the letter came that the old fellow was barely civil, and gave the invitation only because he was our nearest relative, and thought he ought to do something of her by the connections, if she neglected us entirely."

"Yes! There is no doubt that she would be glad to get rid of them, if it is one reason for not inviting there. She was under many obligations to father when he was wealthy and she only a sort of charity companion; and I remember Father left her a rich husband—and now that the tables have turned it is but right she should support us."

"I am not willing to be a dependant," I would rather work my fingers to the bone—live on bread and potatoes—go barefoot, and go shivering in a half clad, from December to March, than eat at a table or sleep under a roof where I was not welcome!"

"And I!" retorted Frederick, "ask the proud to be a base mechanic, and disgrace my ancestry. Surely, Ned, you are not in earnest, you don't mean to go to work like a clod-hopper."

"Yes me strong terms," said Edward, with a flushed cheek, "you can call mechanics base, and stigmatize laborers as clod-hoppers. It is no disgrace to work." My principle is perfect in independence, to bring the banner on of nobody—care in a dead security, with over robber chiefs the dark ages, and have been despised ever since."

"Oh! you vile leveller," said Frederick, "have you no spark of our forefathers' pride—one of the reverence for haughty honour which has ever distinguished the Hansons? Why we are a wonder to our name," he continued ranting. "I used to think you were in jest, when you praised honest labor. I find my mistake. But you must get your own way. For my part I will remember I am a gentleman's son, and that the aristocratic hands of my race have never yet been disgraced by labor."

"But how do you expect to live? Mrs. Newton has only asked you there for a few months: you cannot expect her to settle as well as itself to you."

"I shall marry an heiress," said Frederick, unconsciously looking in the glass at his own handsome face.

Edward heaved a sigh. He was rich notions of personal pride, received from his brother's plan; but he knew would be in vain: so he only extended his hand and said:

"Well, do not let us part in anger. We are the sole survivors of a family once wealthy and we have different routes in life, I would not that we should be enemies. I hope you may be happy."

"You will remember my generous determination," said the elder brother, accepting the pledge of amity.

"Work is an unpleasant, as it is derogatory, to a gentleman. Your notion of being dependent on one, is, I grant, a romantic one, and apt to beguile the imagination of a mind like you, but you'll soon find that to live on coarse fare—to have a hard master may you—and to be thrust continually into the society of boors and coarse mechanics, is a sad damper on your enthusiastic notions. I am older than you, and—take my word for it—you'll repent of your bargain and follow me to Mrs. Newton's."

Frederick, accordingly, went to Mrs. Newton's, and Edward sought out a place. He soon found a respectable mechanic, a bricklayer by trade, who agreed to take him as an apprentice, and as the years of his minority remained, Edward was bound to Mr. Simpson for that time. His superior education, and his cheerful disposition soon made him both respected and loved in his master's family, and every year increased the esteem with which Mr. Simpson regarded the young man. Mr. Simpson's business was a large and extensive one, and Edward made himself so useful in his master by keeping accounts after his day's work with the trowel was done, that he rapidly acquired a standing which none of the other apprentices attained. These, at first, laughed at our hero for laboring with the pen after his day's task was over, and would have persuaded him to spend his evenings in idle amusement; but Edward replied, "No, I prefer obliging Mr. Simpson who is so kind to me. For cards, or the theatre I have no taste. Pray then, excuse me." When Mr. Simpson heard this, he said: "Edward is right. He has his fortune to make, and is wise in not wasting a moment's time. Constant industry, and a disposition to oblige, is the only way for a man, without capital, to rise in the world. Edward will yet be rich, while some of his fellow apprentices will die beggars."

Frederick found but a cold reception at Mrs. Newton's; but he was resolved, for the present at least, to see no slights. He was three years older than his brother, and considered himself as the first called a man of the world. He purchased fine clothes on credit, which his living at the rich Mrs. Newton's enabled him to do, and, with a good passport, he soon worked his way into the best society of the place. He was really a handsome young man, possessed gentlemanly manners, and was known to be the descendant of a once illustrious line. This last none became a favorite. But Frederick could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was only a laywith in a certain extent: he was welcome at dinner parties, was invited to balls where he could be made useful, and was allowed to promenade with the elder females occasionally. But he saw that no mother permitted him to become intimate with her daughters. Rich fathers eyed him suspiciously. In a word, he was regarded as a pleasant hanger-on, but nothing more. "A decent fine fellow," said the sons of the rich families with whom he associated, "but poor as a rat. Nature's mine," this was addressed to the sisters where the young men had sap, "you may flirt with him to your others heart's content, but don't think to be so to fall in love with him." Nor did the sisters seem disposed to disregard this prudent advice.

How Frederick lived was a miracle to many of his acquaintance. He still resided with Mrs. Newton, who found him useful to deliver messages among her fashionable acquaintance, and, in reality of a footman, whose wages Mrs. Newton then saved, though the proud blood of Lord Hanson would have bolted at an insinuation of the truth. But he required money occasionally and at first it was a serious affair for him to obtain it. Accordingly, as he was a good player, to meet his talents fell by this method. Now and then he borrowed from his more wealthy and less proud friends, or from young acquaintance; and it came at last to be a regular affair for Mr. Hanson's favorite to "lend the new way of pocket-picking." To this state of degradation was he reduced, because he was too proud to labor honestly. He thought it would be a disgrace to be a mechanic: but considered it no stigma to engage on a speculation.

Frederick was thus sinking lower in the estimation of all honorable men, and even had he been a gambler by choice or acquirement, the instances of both setters, Edward was slowly but steadily advancing in the esteem of his employer, and exhibiting a character for enterprise, industry and rectitude. He had, moreover, won the affections of Mary Bennet, one of the loveliest of her sex. Like Edward she was poor: but they relied on Providence and controlled themselves with the reflection that their mutual love would smooth and sweeten their thorny and difficult path. But their fortune was not as dark as imagined. Edward was intelligent and persevering; and, as he said, he thought how soon he would be left to depend entirely on himself, his time occasionally became clouded with the fear of the failure which even the most sanguine experience.

What is the matter, Edward? said Mr. Simpson to him one day. "You have, at times lately, looked care-worn. Does anything weigh on your mind?"

Edward hesitated a moment, but there was an expression of such kindness in Mr. Simpson's face, that he resolved to confide in his master at once.

"I have done," he said, "what you will probably consider a very foolish thing. I am engaged to be married; and to one who is almost as poor as I am sure, all that I could desire in a wife and it is best, perhaps, that a young man should be early taught that he has a heart: but I may have to postpone for I should tell work, what will become of my family? A journeyman mechanic makes wages enough to live comfortably, but never to save; and also who shall ensure me against sickness on my own part or on that of my wife, both equally expensive. Yet, perhaps, these very fears are groundless, and I was glad that I engaged myself, as said. Should we be blessed with a family, I can work double time, and, rising up at Mr. Simpson, with a more cheerful expression.

"You are a noble young man," said Mr. Simpson, with warmth. "Nor do I know that you have acted wrong in betrothing yourself. The heart is generally more to be trusted in such affairs than the head, and you especially would be the last person to act against the dictates of reason. Pray, who is the lady?"

"Mary Bennet."

"The very one I would have chosen for a son, had I one of your age. No, Edward, you have done right. A good wife is a treasure not to be obtained every day."

Edward consumed with pride and pleasure, while Mr. Simpson continued.

"I am a rich man, my dear boy, would say you and she ran a great risk in marrying with such means, or rather with no means at all. But happily, one does not depend on money: it springs from other and better causes; and love can sweeten many a privation. I am sure that Mary is worthy of you. I only speak thus to convince you that you have mistook me, in fancying that I was the old cold-hearted worldling who sings out of very weariness. On and on it sounded, making its clear, radiant sweetness heard above the chant of the choir and could distinguish the orchestra. Such a rich, varied and untiring strain of melody I have never yet met with.

Continuing our journey when the service had ceased, we took a small road leading to Schuyta, and had not gone many minutes before we came to our first task was to cross a mountain. This having been done, we kept along the back of the ridge which bounds the lake of Lug on the south, terminating with the wall-known Rosberg. The scenery became wilder with every step. The luxuriant fields of herbage on the mountains were spotted with the picturesque chalets of the hunters and Alphorns, called and grain were browsing along the declivities, their bells tinkling most musically, and the little streams fell in foam down the steeps. We began to realize here our anticipations of Swiss scenery. It is crossed in grandeur as we followed the windings of the rivulet down the valleys, and the tops of the mountains entered the clouds. Just on the other side of the range, along which we travelled, lay the little lake of Egeri and valley of Morgarten, where Tell shot the tyrant Gessler, the envoy of Albert the Emperor, and we were startled on walking along the Lake of Lowertz, to find a chapel by the road side built on the spot where the house of Werner Stauffacher, one of the "three men of Grutli," formerly stood. It bears a poetical inscription in old German, and a rude painting of the Battle of Morgarten. The island of Schwanau, in the lake, contains the ruins of a tower which bore a part in that famous battle.

As we wound around the Lake of Lowertz, we could see the ruins of the castle of Arth-Rosberg and the Rigi, which latter mountain stood full in view. To our regret, and that of all other travellers, the Clouds hung low upon it as they had done for a week at least, and there was no prospect of a change. The Rosberg, from which we had just descended, is about four thousand feet in height: a dark brown stripe from its very summit to the valley below, showed the track of the avalanche which, in 1806, overwhelmed the village of Goldau, and swept the beautiful vale of Lowertz. We could trace the course of the rock and earth so far as the foot of the Rigi. Four hundred and fifty persons of Goldau are full in sight. The forty Arenberg rises to the north, and a narrow blue line at the end of the valley, which stretches westward, is that of the Lake of the Four Cantons. Down this valley we hurried, that we might not miss the boat which plies to and fro from Brunnen, on the lake, for we had resolved to sail down it. The village of Brunnen, which is the distinguished Swiss composer, Schnyder von Wartensee, who resides there at present. The place is said to present a most desolate appearance, being crowded by travellers, and every by artizans, so that business of all kinds goes on very slowly. The prisoners taken in the battle fought in that vale usually all been sentenced to hard labor in the prisons.

At the little town of Brunnen, on the lake, we waited for the steamer, which, as it neared, seemed around it is exceedingly grand, lofty mountains bathe their feet in the dark waters at the lake, and their tops of rock are so precipitous that they seem to frown but few few chalets upon them. Looking down towards Lucerne, we could see the dark mass of Mount Pilatus on the one side and on the other the graceful outline of the Rigi, still wearing her veil of clouds. Before us lay the lake of Uri, and behind us the Rosberg, whose ruins of the Swiss patriots took place, and the boat was sealed that enabled them to get off from their chains. It is a beautiful lake of Uri and Unterwald, bounded on the right side by precipices. A little crystal spring to the centre is discovered, where the people have assembled up on the spot where the "three hoked the hands that made them free." It is also a popular belief that they have assembled on the spot, and that they will arise and come forth when the liberties of Switzerland are in danger. The chapel at present stands on the spot, and is said to contain the ancient harmony.

We passed this glorious scene almost the only time we were on deck, the mountain-side and every around the base of the Axenberg, at whose foot is situated the town of Brunnen, and the Rigi, which is seen far over the waves. The Alps, whose eternal snows are lifted dazzling to the sky, complete the magnificent scene. Schiller has described the beauty of his boy, where he described to him the country of the land where there are no mountains. I was on the deck of the steamer during the whole journey.

"Father, I'd feel oppressed in the broad land.

The little village of Burglau, whose spire we saw above the trees, is a place dear to the lovers of Tell's station, on the spot from whence he shot the apple. It is a small chapel, built by the boatmen of the canton. The island of Schwanau, in the lake, contains the ruins of a tower which bore a part in that famous battle.

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We often see people ambitious of being witty and to change one letter, or one word, makes a pun. Where one man is able to be really witty, a dozen will make the attempt and fail. Wit has the name of being rather, yet the greatest wits practice their best sayings in secret, and then go out into society to pronounce them. Sheridan, the wittiest man of his day, always pursued this practice, and would visit a whole evening for an opportunity to bring in his common wits effect. Sometimes, after much toil, he would have found the rough draft of several of his most witty parliamentary speeches, and it is curious to remark how he improved, by infinite toil and correction, an originally common-place, until it glittered into an epigram. Some of his witty sentences, now so famous, were re-written a dozen times.

Nothing is so unexceptable as the sceptacle of a man, who in his abortive efforts to be witty, he comes only a chattering fool. To lose bad puns upon him, to pronounce epigrams, or to attempt wise plans played at pare tat, is a sight from which our readers, as well as ourselves, have suffered in the infliction. A good pun occasionally is delightful, but to hear a man continually crucifying the language, is an outrage on our sensibilities. The innocents pun, however, is better than your practical joker, who makes a fool of his neighbor to himself by turns. We once saw a man set an entire company off convulsions to a stranger, asking him if he wished any; and when the stranger attached his hand for the dish, he would be grievously insulted it away, saying, with a laugh, "then go and get some." Now this was rudeness instead of wit. The same must be said of all practical jokes, which should never be attempted except among intimate friends, and even there they are childish and stupid. Real wit consists not in personalities, which depend on the analogy of words, but in detecting analogies between ideas so dissimilar that the analogy seems ludicrous. When Hudibras is only when he says of sunrise

> "And like a laborer landed, the sun
> From Neptune's ocean began to run."

But wit is dangerous. When personal in its application it should be confined to the forum or fireside—it makes more enemies than friends, and at last obtains an ass instead of love. The only harmless wit is that to which we last referred, but then the comparison should never be applied to a person, or to any public effort. To render a man ridiculous, or bring into contempt his party or religion, is a sign of a bad heart and of worse manners.

The Foreign News, which we give at some length, in another column, is unexpectedly quiet favorable to a continuance of peace at least the English Minister deals in expressions of the most amicable kind, and disavows the conduct of M. Fakenham in refusing the 40th parallel. The wish of this Government is also for peace, and these amicable words are not without value; but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that England has not yet made any definite proposal for the settlement of the difficulty, and whether we shall have peace or war must, after all, depend on the character of such proposal.

We do not wish to alarm our readers. But we would be censured to mislead them. The engagement against the interference of the French Republic in Italian affairs on better terms (honestly) by Sir Robert and the Queen? that Fakenham did wrong in refusing the 40th parallel. It appears that the Minister did not send the proposition home; when rejected, a new one might have been made by the British Government. From our English papers we derive the conclusion that the English public impression was well settle the difficulty—it will give Colombia and fixing the 49th degree as the boundary. Thus is the real state of the question. The free navigation of the Columbia to the great point at issue. Will we surrender it? What is the public sentiment in the United States? The negotiation might be closed to-morrow, if our people were willing to accept these terms; but if they are not then the question is still far from being adjusted in the latter case we ought not to trifle. England is the face at her pacific resonances, is increasing her army and navy. Will she not do so? Surely these are these sentiments for our readers to think upon; they already know how much we deprecate a war, unless in the necessary defense of violated rights or honor.

Semi-storms have prevailed lately all over the country. The storm of thirteen days ago not only ravaged the Atlantic Coast, but swept over the Great West. At Cincinnati and Louisville it was the heaviest and most destructive of February. It soon was fifteen inches deep. On Thursday of last week, another snow-storm visited our city, when seven more were laid, and on the preceding Saturday. The snow in the upper part of New York State, is over four deep. In Washington of the present week there fell again in Philadelphia. Take it all in all, this winter has behind the heaviest snows known for many years.

"We never shall see us like again."

Our paper, for to-day is unusually well stored with agreeable reading. The engraving on the first page is almost too fine to look well unless printed more carefully than our edition will allow. It is still however, legible enough to laugh and look at, and is all we ask for. No one is the worse for being merry!

ANOTHER WRECK.

We have to record another melancholy disaster at sea, by which forty-five persons lost their lives. The British barque Ida from Charlestown for Liverpool, with three hundred and forty-one souls on board, struck on a reef on the 30th January in 44 N. lon. 52.30 W. She afterwards righted, full of water. The captain then ordered the long boat to be got under the sea. The passengers then immediately rushed into her, precipitately followed by the captain and the rest of the crew to the number of forty-five. The masts were cut, and the boat dropped astern. The land here N. N. E. distant about thirty leagues by observation. The boat got about two cables length from the vessel, when she tripped a sea, filled, and all in her perished. The mate nine men, and one young woman, remained on the wreck, in the hope to save. About noon on the Friday morning of the following, when they were taken off by the schooner Three Sisters, of Eder, where they were landed in safety. We have no further circumstances.

GEN. MORRIS' PAPER.

We have received the first number of "The National Press and Journal for Home," published by Gen. Geo. P. Morris, of New York. It is a very tasteful sheet, and well filled with excellent matter. For years have acted under the late fact as the editor of a literary journal than Gen. Morris, and at we prophesied in assuring its prosperity, this new paper is destined to be widely and deservedly popular. We are always glad to welcome new enterprises for fame to rouse and to spare for all. Only let the enterprise be good, and subscribers will not be wanting. At least such is the result of our own experience of three and twenty years!

BURMAH OPENED.

Letters have been received from Burmah, stating that the King of Ava is enthroned after putting to death nearly all the officers of his court. Prince Men ont has been appointed regent. This will leave Burmah open again to the missionaries. We see that the venerable Mr. Judson will not finish at Jaut.

THE SQUAN PIRATES.

Further accounts of the shipwreck of the John Minturn, on Squan Beach, add to the horrors of the scene. Some correspondents say, now upwards that twenty-one bodies have been found, and that the number of the lost will be over thirty. Others say that a

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As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think it right to give the following abstract of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

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Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscriptions, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

STEELE'S TO SOUTHERN LIFE, and FAR WEST SKETCH-BY "Sketches." *John S. Hoole of St. Louis, Mo. author of "Introducing Captain Alden" &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* 1845. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* 1845. We have been favored with the first number of the 8th of the forthcoming volume of sketches, chiefly humorous, by the inimitable author of "Swallowing Yankees &c. Hallo to the Indians" &c. &c. which is well known writer. In a neat preface to this work he modestly intimated that if he could not write as well as the powers of Paul, Thayer, Pat Smith and others, he will be satisfied; we can assure those that he is of a fairly pretty himself possessed of ability equal to any of them. The fund of Western humor that has been accumulated, but in the hands of Sketches, is prominent to be noticeable. Like Maccaire, he not breaks out every where—wherever a subject presents itself, he seizes it and turns to the critics, with which he concludes his preface.

In conclusion I have to say, to such of my readers as agree are willing as much for the reader's amusement as for the instruction of the author, I shall be pleased; but if they fail in the, they fail altogether—as in certain I am fixed to please myself. I have no wish to be read against my inclination, and therefore I shall not trouble them to read against their inclination, but in the hope that they will be pleased, I do commence at the beginning, and will continue to the end, which I shall be conclusive by patience.

A word to the critics—Gentlemen, I have a high respect for your opinions, and if you can show me where I am wrong I will endeavor to set myself right; but if you write a thrashing from his tutor

"Be easy, be easy, for of ears as you can."

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for March*, is embellished with a mezzotint and a plate of colored costume. The literature is one of the best magazines we ever saw, and, as a consequence remarks, worth the price of subscription. We find in it the following engraving represents the "Raising of Ladies' Dining-room," and is from the pencil of Mr. Darley, and we need until to all on account of its Scriptural associations. The literary contents of the number are admirable. The "Tradesman's Tale," by Mrs. Stephens, is a capital piece of extraordinary interest and power. "Amy Gale" is also a beautiful story, and we regret it is to be continued to the "Post." Altogether, Mr. Peterson maintains the publisher's character of the most reliable cheap magazine, while Mrs. Stephens still wrends him by her pen and her head to contribute. We should to the Publisher, for fashion plate, we very beautiful, and contains, among others, the latest costume for riding dresses.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *for March*.—Graham's number contains a fine mezzotint and a fashion plate. The mezzotint is Nature's best copy, and is called "The Dentist." Representing a young female, dressed in the height of fashion, her shoulder at rest, while her dentist, holding out the instrument of torture, is about to perform the operation. The literary matter in the number is very good. As an original biography, Captain Kirkwood, of the Seminole war, one of the latest exploits of the Revolution, is continued by the "U. S. Infantry," and a capital sketch, by Fanny Forester, J. K. Paulding, and others, fills up the rest of the number.

A JUDICIOUS PRACTICAL MAGAZINE. *By J. Copeland. M. D. Edited, and additions, by Charles A. Lee, M. D. Part XII. New York: Longyear & Brother.* This is an excellent serial work, which we publish monthly at fifty cents a number. The part before us treats of the general numbers are hysteria, jaundice, indigestion, constipation, dysentery, &c. &c. A work of this kind is valuable and cheap, should be widely circulated, and as each number contains fifty pages, and is sold for fifty cents, the price of postage is a comparative trifle.

THE DEMON OF THE CHURCH, AS AN INJURY TO MEN AND WOMEN. *A Sermon preached in the Presbyterian Church, by John Maclise, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Rochester, N. Y. Rochester: Printed by Wm. Alling.* 1845. This is a well written treatise, intended chiefly to show the necessity of a church organization, and how to maintain the purity and consistency of religion. It is a sermon on the doings of externals in religion, though not altogether so, and is well worthy the perusal of the general.

MISCELLANEOUS. *The Gamester's Tale. By the Author of the Conscience Tales.* 1 vol. *Phrenet & Co. T. B. Peterson.* This is a republication of a romance, which is from the pen of the author of a number of tales of the kind of our tongue. We are glad to welcome it in this new dress, for the old edition has become quite uncommonly scarce.

CHARLES HANSON, *a Friend and Foe. A Novel. By Charles Frederick Briggs, Author of the Adventures of Harry Franco.* Mon Pickering, like Mr. James, always writes a tale of interest, and the present is one of the best of his many entertaining works.

HARPERS' ILLUSTRATED BIBLE. No. 18. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, Arch street, & Brothers.* This number is among rapidly as a stream.

Casualties.

☞ In New Haven there was excellent sleighing and among the accidents which resulted from it, a collision took place, on the night of a "spree," of the horse drawing the sleigh in which she was riding having become intractable, one of her ribs were broken, and her face badly cut. The horse was driven by another sleigh, knocked out of the vehicle in which they were riding, and very seriously injured. Mr. M. Sanford, the driver, was also injured by lightning, while in bed with Mrs. Sampson and her child. The fluid struck and passed down the chimney, branching off and striking the deceased in the face, which caused her instant death. Mrs. S. and child were shocked and burned, though not dangerously. Miss Goodman was scared nearly into—and her loss will be severely felt by a large circle of friends.

☞ The Norfolk Herald, states that on Tuesday week, the steamer Pioneer while on her way from Elizabeth City, N. C. struck upon a bank known as the "Mercenaria Track," and while endeavoring to back off, burst her boiler. The stern was blown out and sunk immediately—nearly across the steam boat chanced, offering such an obstruction that a yawl-boat cannot be floated over or by her, it is said. The engineer and three others were so badly scalded by the explosion, that their lives are despaired of.

☞ Albert Gurney, a Boston Fifer, was drowned last week, by the upsetting of a canoe in which he was endeavoring to paddle himself across from Boston Light. In spite the effort to save the lives of others that he perished.

☞ Mr. William Crosby, of South Springfield, Mass., was killed on the 3d inst., by the accidental discharge of a rifle.

New Tariff Bill.

SECRETARY WALKER'S BILL.

The new Tariff bill, now before the Committee of Ways and Means, excites general interest accordingly we subjoin an admirable digest of it, prepared by a Custom House officer in this city for his own use.

Opinions are divided as to whether the bill will pass; but the preponderant judgment seems to be that it will. Only two Democratic Senators—those from Pennsylvania—are understood to be opposed to it; and unless others of that party join them the bill will have a majority in the Senate as well as the House. But it is a few weeks when the bill comes to be voted on, the whole aspect of the case may be altered.

ARTICLES FREE OF DUTY.

All goods, wares, and merchandise, the growth, &c. of the United States, exported and returned.
Argols, or crude tartar, salterate salts
Bark, Peruvian, and other kinds for head, head, wood, cotton woods, cotton, copper for the United States Mint.
Crude bituminous, copper fourteen by forty-eight inches, and upwards, and not less than one inch thick.
Coins of all kinds, except gold and silver.
Live immigrating, if used by them, and not intended for any other person, and for a reasonable period, and other personal effects not merchandise; professional books, instruments of trade, and tools of trade, occupation, or employment of persons.
Dyes, unenumerated, and other cost, calcum, &c.
Fossil, number of, plaster of Paris, not ground.
Gold and silver bullion, and coin.
Household furniture and personal effects not exceeding The personal effects and household of citizens of the United States dying abroad.
Salt, silver bullion.
Specimens of natural history, mineralogy and botany, cabinets of coin, medals, and other collections of antiquities, philosophical instruments, models of machinery and other curiosities.

ARTICLES AT TEN PER CENT.

Animals, all kinds, except as otherwise specified.
Bristles, prepared or not prepared.
Tea and coffee, imported direct from the place of their growth, and in American vessels, or in vessels of the country to which they belong, and imported in the same number from Holland and the Netherlands.
Whale and other fish oils, and other articles, the produce of American fisheries.
Vegetables and nuts, &c. used for dyeing, &c.

ARTICLES AT FIFTEEN PER CENT.

Cooper, tar, oil, pipe and tarr of
Bird Africans, and other feathers
Beans in pipe and bars, and old; bananas.
Cocoa, unmanufactured, not genteel, &c.
Chalk, clay unwrought, cocoa nuts.
Flour, gunpowder, gum substitute.
Grain, Senegal, Arabic, Tragacanth.
Hair, human, raw, and not genteel.
Madder ground, orchal, pumpkins.
Nuts, cocoa, unmanufactured.
Oil, olive, in casks.
Rice, cleaned, &c.—sago.
Sugar, brown, not above number sixteen Dutch standard.
Tin, in pigs, bars and blocks; tuneric.
Vegetable substances, unenumerated, wild, yams, and unmanufactured.

TEN PER CENT

Bottles, Persian or blue herring
Compositions of glass, or paste, not set.
Cameos real or imitation, cochineal.
Cork tree bark, unmanufactured; cudbear.
Cream of tartar, free not dressed on the skin, blankets and cloth.
Cloves, cloves, grease, marrow, &c.
Dyes, wood, &c.—sedge.
Indian rubber, unmanufactured, japan earth, terra japonica.
Lamp, mosaic, real or imitation, iron
Nature, coke, crude or refined, sea weeds.
Oil, all not named, palm oil.
Plaster of Paris, ground, quicksilver.
Sago, meal, farina, and lamp wool.
Rags, tattoos, rants, shoddy
Wool, wool and waste, wool, and
Tin in plates and sheets.
Vegetables, dried, fruits and pears.
Which, unenumerated, wool, yarns, flint manufactures, not set out enumerated.

TWENTY PER CENT

Ale, beer, and porter, cider, wine.
Amber, ambergris, ammonia.
Arms, sculptures, specimens, &c.—gunpowder, terrene, brass, whole and yellow metals, metal, mixtures.
Bags, carpet, and other kinds of
Cabinet, musical, and other manufactures.
Annatto, leather board, boots.
Bonnets, straw fully set off hats
Beans and loose stripes, beeswax, blankets casting over
Brushes, shades, &c., waxed, pencil hairs
Buttons, and other articles, bungstuffs pitch
Glasses, trade, beads, beads
Cabinet, and other kinds painted.
Carriages, and other kinds of
Slates apples, Brandi, prunes not enumerated.
Cigars, Havanas.
Buttons and button moulds, beef hams.
Cotton, lamps
Cordage, yarns, twine ropes, &c.
Cotton manufactures, not embroidered laces, &c.
Cocked hats, cloths, and, carpets.
Cotton, cotton, and, cotton
Dyes, red, logwood, &c. brazil
Cudbear, mahogany, &c.—cocoa shells
Drugs, medicinal, not specified
Drugs, wood, sandal, sassafras
Earthenware, and manufactures of, in glass, &c.
Embroidery, and manufactures of, in glass, &c.
Fancy articles, not embroidered laces, &c.
Cocked hats, cloths, and, carpets.
Fish, dried, and pickled, not specified
Flowers, artificial, of all kinds
Fruits, not specified, dried, and pickled
Furniture, for beds and leather beds. flowers not enumerated.
Fans of sulphur, fermenting powder.
Gloves, of leather, and other, of leather, hats dressed or undressed.
Gums, bags.
Glass, cut plates, gamboge
Gold and silver leaf, gold bronze, skins
Hats, straw, of wheat, chip, and grass
do. crown, cylinder, &c. window
Hats, straw, not enumerated
Hams, crude or refined, not enumerated
Hats, straw, not enumerated, and other vegetable substances
Hemp, jute, sisal grass rope, manufactures of
Hides, horns, bones and fins
Hats and bonnets, &c., and flats and bands, plaits, manufactures of, straw, of straw, of grass, &c.
Hats of wool and wool hat bodies, hares.
Hats of silk and wool, and unmanufactured
Hair cloth and hair seating, and manufactured hair cloth, rosery and seating, manufactures, unenumerated
Instruments, philosophical, and other
Iron, pig, bar, rolled, sheet, shot, pipe and old.
Iron, manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Ivory, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Jewelry, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Lace, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Leather, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Lead, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Lime, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Lumber, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Machinery, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Marble, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Mats, and matting, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Medicines, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Metals, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Mineral waters, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Musical instruments, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Nails, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Oil cloths, painted or painted, and of all kinds.
Oil, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Oil, volatile, essential and expressed.
Paper, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Painted, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Pearl, manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Perfumery, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Pepper, and Cayenne do., perfumes, &c.
Porcelain, glass, porous, china
Quicksilver, clothing, et al. decomposition
Resins
Silk, embroideries of, stuffs made of.
Strings for musical instruments, lingue, whipgut, &c.
Shot, and all other
Silver, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Silver, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Soap, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Spirits, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Stone, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Sugar, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Tallow, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Tar, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Tobacco, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Turpentine, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Varnish, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Vegetables, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Vinegar, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Wax, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Wood, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified
Wool, and manufactures of, and all other, not specified

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

Carpeting, Venetian, ingrain, and all not enumerated.
Manufactures of silk, wool, worsted and goat's hair not specified.

THIRTY PER CENT.

Spirituous liquors of all kinds
Cordials, liquors, &c.
All articles not enumerated to pay 30 per cent.

Fires.

☞ The Providence Journal says that the cotton mill of John Olney & Co. at Branch's Iron Works was totally destroyed by fire on Thursday morning, week, at about two o'clock, together with a store on the opposite side at the street, owned by Edward Barker and occupied by Olney and Richmond. The loss on the factory building, owned by John Olney, was $6,000. A little boy, twelve years old, came from miscellaneously with his family, remained in the mill over night. He was not discovered until the flames had made such progress that it was impossible to rescue him. The origin of the fire is not known, but it is believed that it was caused by the lad in attempting to kindle a fire in the stove.

☞ The store of Mr. Alexander Jaudar, at Newark, N. J., was set on fire on Sunday night last, by the accidental overstuffing of a Campshire Lamp Mr Jaudar was reading and the lamp burned finely he proceeded to refill it while the wick was in flamed, and in doing so it spattered, scattering the burning fluid all over the goods and floor and causing a strong fire in a moment. The fire was kept in check by the citizens putting it with snow until an engine arrived. The loss is about $1,000, which is fully covered by insurance.

☞ Five large brick stores on Kent Street, in Troy, N. Y., were destroyed by fire on Thursday night week. A large quantity of flour, wheat and other property was consumed. Loss $50,000.

General News.

☞ A man and his wife stopped at the house of Mr. C. W. Darling, Boston. Mr. Darling left home and remained there over night, with the purpose of going eastward in the morning. Early next morning, Mr. Darling discovering their room, observed the man lighting a pipe for the woman to smoke and after whiffing it for some time she grew stupid, and finally sunk upon the floor. The husband remained until the expired. The man, after ascertaining that she would die, and that he could not collect the property, left it as soon, he was not, and last, went away, taking with him some valuables concealed in his clothes, and the cash that had been lodged of. It is evident that the fellow murdered her in the hope of securing her property, and had played some trick on the doctor in the bowl of the pipe, and her death was caused by the inhalation of the poison.

☞ The Charleston S. C. News, of the 1st inst. says: Captain Reicke a storekeeper in Meeting street, above the Railroad Depot was last night arrested by officer Shuttleworth and lodged in jail on charge of forgery. It appears that Reicke has for some time past been counterfeiting the signature of Mr. John A. Cook to notes placed on the Union Bank, and has been so far successful as to have a large quantity, some say twelve or fifteen thousand dollars worth of paper in that institution. Though the forgery was accidentally discovered by the shortage of one of the officers of the bank to a profitable tune to whom Mr. Cook endorses, that the latter gentleman had endorsed for a large amount for the prisoner. The circumstances, this evidence of a forgery was found to have been carried on for some months.

☞ An interesting article in the National Magazine contains some statistics of the rapid growth and prosperity of the great West. The population industry of the nine States bordering on the Western waters in the year 1840 was as follows: [$1,850,000,000], manufactures, $483,777,787; commerce, $787,777,777; the debt, $3,777,777; taxes, $3,777,777; the debt, $3,777,777; taxes, $3,777,777; fisheries, $11,777—total $7,777,777,777. And yet the entire population according to the last census, of these nine States is less than five and a half millions of people. A single individual in Criminals has negotiated drafts through the banks to the amount of more than $20,000 in $2,000 to $3,000 the proceeds of rags shipped from that city to New Orleans.

☞ The sale Alonzo Rogers, Capt. Anthony P. Salter, which left this city for New York on the day preceding the great storm, was wrecked near Barnegat Inlet. Schooner and every one on board perished but could be given. The last that was seen of any person on board, was one man in the rigging of the vessel, which was then on her beam ends. A single individual could be found. Three were five persons on board of her—Antony P. Salter, Captain, and his son, Master—Mr. Smith from Bergen, N. J., and two colored men belonging to Shrewsbury, N. J., and a colored man, named Green, from Philadelphia. The Captain owned three-fourths of the vessel, and ——— Barlow, of Stafford, N. J., one-fourth. She was not insured.

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☞ The Magnetic Telegraph between New York and Boston will be completed, it is expected, by the 27th of next month, at least, to Bridgeport, so that the foreign news by the next steamship may be telegraphed to that place, and then be expressed through to New York. The extension of these lines of instantaneous communication between the various cities will prove and to the expert business men. The newspapers must seek another field as yet unattempted enterprise in which those that have the pecuniary means of liberality will as have bear off the palm of honor

☞ The Governor of Louisiana, in his late message to the Legislature, complains of the laws of Maryland, which, he says, "abolish slavery and the color, convicted of crimes, to be sold without the limits of the State. The Governor, as a preventive to the practice, recommends that the Legislature pass a law punishing all slaves and free persons of color who may be found in Louisiana on the commission of crimes in other States, with imprisonment in the penitentiary for life."

☞ In the town of Perry, New York, a gang of counterfeiters, successful engagements, which has been concluded on Monday night 29th. They were headed by the principal Operator, and the Business expressed themselves highly pleased with their efforts. They also performed at the benefit Philharmonic Society, where they were favorably received Several hundred tickets was taken at the door.

☞ The Medical College, located in St. Louis and known as the Medical Department of Kemper College, has been in session from its commencement with that institution and incorporated with the Medical Department of the State University of Missouri. Professors remain with the exception of the Professors of Chemistry Dr. Sewall, who resigns and is succeeded by Dr. Litton.

☞ There was considerable excitement in the Ohio House of Representatives on the 26th, growing out of an alleged attempt to bribe the Representative from Putnam, Mr. Knapp, by one of the ballots for Auglaize. Mr. Knapp introduced resolutions, for the arrangement of the offender before the House, to answer to the charge, which were referred to a select committee of five.

☞ Albert J. Terrell was arraigned at Boston on Tuesday week, on two indictments—one charging him with the murder of Maria Bickford, and the other with burning set fire to the premises in which the murder took place. He pleaded not guilty to both a calm, clear voice to both indictments and his trial was set down for the fourth Tuesday in March next.

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Atlas says that two cases have been reported in the county of Falls of the Potomac, in the County of Fairfax in less miles from Washington city and now the line of the District, and Upland or Table in adjoining. The water power to be had there is estimated to be capable of driving 900 factories.

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The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

450 shares Reading R. R. cash		33⅜
200 do Reading Bank		24
100 do N. American Insurance Co.		37
100 do United States Bank		10⅝
50 do Mechanics' Bank		10⅝
100 do Girard Bank		10⅝
50 do Morris Canal		10⅝
50 do Girard Bank		10⅝
50 do Commercial Bank		10⅝
50 do Girard Bank		10⅝
$1000 U. S. 6s, 1862		100
$1000 U. S. 6s, 1862		100
$1000 Reading R. R. 6s, 1870		74⅛
$1000 do do		74⅛
$1000 Penna. 6s, 1854		79
$1000 Commonwealth 6s, 1826		79
$1000 Penna. 6s, 1861		79
$500 County 6s, 1860, 2 do		79
$1000 Penna 6s, 1845		79
$500 County 6s, 1867, old		79
$1000 Penna. 6s, 1845, Coal 6s,		79
$1000 County 6s, 1872		103
$1000 Penna. 6s, 1845		79

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

SATURDAY, February 28, 1846.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The flour market continued inactive and unsettled throughout the week, both sellers and buyers being disposed to await the issue of the foreign private advices by the next steamship. The news was being favorable with regard to prices in England, holders were willing to accept rather lower rates, and buyers for shipment were more ready at the close of last week, and the sales of 1000 bbls at $4.81 and 4,250 per bbl for good, fair and common brands. Most of the sales were made at $4.75 for fair brands, and the demand is very freely met. For export the sales were unimportant at $4.87½ at 5 for Rye flour has again declined 12½ cents. Sales of 2700 bbls at $3.50 per bbl. Corn meal has also retracted 25 cents—final sales at $3.12½ per bbl. The stock is now light at 5000 bbls, or 87 per bbl. The stock is now light at 5000 bbls.

GRAIN.—No arrivals of any account. Wheat—But little offering to the market—sales of 1000 bushels of red at $1.04 per bushel; 1000 do. southern red at $1.07½. Rye—A sale of southern at 70c. Corn is in limited supply—sales of 5000 bushels of yellow at 58c. A lot of prime flax for the West sold at 62c.—We quote White—New—No arrivals; we quote nothing at 38@39c.

PROVISIONS.—In lard, no sales of any extent; none held at $5½ per bbl. Pork—New mess is nominal at $13 per bbl; prime at $11 per bbl, but no sales at either price. Beef—A sale of 70 tierces mess and prime at $8 per bbl. Butter is dull at 10c in 12 cut for bags and tubs. Cheese—Sales of 5 bbls at 7c. Lard, in bbls at 6½ to 7c.

WHISKEY.—Put sales are dull at $1.30 per 100 lbs.

BARK.—No sales of quercitron bark—first No. 1, is held at $34 per ton.

HERDS AND BARKS.—Sales of yellow at 25½ per lb.

CANDLES.—Sales of 250 boxes sperm at 40½ per lb.

COAL.—Prices have not varied, and there is a moderate demand for all sizes for immediate delivery, and considerable preparations making for active operations in the spring, when the opening of the canals.

COFFEE.—Prices are well supported, and at stock is moderate to fair lands. A cargo of 1000 bags Laguayra was sold last week at 7½ cents per lb. and 1000 bags of Rio at 7½ cents per lb. 2 months. Rio is still very low and 1000 bags sold at 7½ cents per lb.

COTTON.—Something is held at 5½ per lb.

COTTON.—The last cotton crop was two millions and a half bales, but the demand has become less for the future. Over 70 bales, comprising New Orleans at Upland per lb. and Upland at Table at 5½ selling in lots.

DRUGS AND DYES.—Sales of Prussiate of potash at 20½, molasses at 35, and quicksilver at $1.12½ per lb.

FEATHERS.—Prices are steady with limited sales at 37½ cents. Sales of 3 bbls at 37½ cents per lb.

FISH.—No sales of any account reported.

FRUIT.—Sales of 800 boxes Smyrna layers and cranglers at $2.87½ per box. 200 boxes do. do. at $2.75 per box. 200 boxes do. do. at $2.75 per box. 200 boxes do. do. at $2.75 per box.

GINSENG.—Sales of 1000 lbs crude at 35c per lb.

HEMP.—A sale of 9 bales good Italian at $1.50 per ton; 10 tons Italian at $177 per ton; 10 tons Manila at $177 per ton.

HIDES.—No sales have transpired.

HOPS.—Last sale was held at 40c per lb.

IRON.—Sales of 40 tons Pig at $20 per ton.

LEAD.—Sales of 40 pigs at 4½ cents per lb.

MOLASSES.—Sales of 100 hhds Cuba at 24½ cents per gallon.

NAVAL STORES.—Market quiet—sales of spirits of turpentine at 40c, some held at 42c. Tar—Sales at less at $2.12½. Rosin—Sales of 1000 bbls at $1.12½ per bbl.

OILS.—Sales of 1000 gallons Linseed at 62½ cents. Sperm fell at 90@95 cents per gallon. Whale—Sales of 100 bbls whale were sold at 36c. 75 bbls winter at 44c per gallon.

PLANTER.—A cargo was sold at $3 per ton.

RICE.—Unchanged. Sales of 250 tons at 4c. per lb and 1 ton.

SALT.—No cargo sales reported.

SEEDS.—Moderate sales of flax to prime clean sold at 1.30 per bushel—the fly at $1.12½@1.25 per bushel.

SUGAR.—Brazils and gits are inactive at former rates. Sales of 300 bags Brazil at 5½ cents per lb. 4 months; also at 25, and one lot at 24. Sales in bbls at 25, and one lot at 24.

TOBACCO.—Most of the receipts of New Orleans sugar have been sold at former rates. Sales of 100 hhds offered at 5½ cents per lb. Sales of 400 bbls at from 5½ to 6c. Molasses is prime quality. A cargo of 1200 bags of Brazil sold at 5½ cents per lb. 4 months; also at 25, and one lot at 24. Sales in bbls at 25, and one lot at 24.

TALLOW.—Country 7½@7, and city 7½@7 per lb.

WOOL.—Prices have not varied and the demand remains limited. Sales only in small lots to the trade, at 28@30c for common and fair, and 32@35c for prime and full blood.

WHISKEY.—Prices are steady. Sales to a moderate extent at 27½@28 for common and prime. Bbls for 1 and 2 years old.

WINES.—Sales of 100 pipes Madeira at 90c per gallon. Sales of 50 pipes Port at 90c per gallon. Sales of 50 pipes Port at 90c per gallon.

CATTLE MARKETS.

MONDAY.—About 4,000 head beef cattle, including 900 taken to New York, 300 swine and 1500 sheep sold at Shad's and 1000 at Mowry's. Prices—Beef cattle at $4@4½ per lb. Sheep—The market is dull at $4@4½ per lb. Hogs—The bulk of the sales were at $5@5½ per lb. Sheep—The market is dull at $4@4½ per lb. Hogs—The bulk of the sales were at $5@5½ per lb.

TUESDAY.—Beef cattle—At market—1000 head cattle, including 900 taken to New York, 300 swine and 1500 sheep sold at Shad's and 1000 at Mowry's. Prices—The bulk of the sales were at $4@4½ per lb. Sheep—The market is dull at $4@4½ per lb. Hogs—The bulk of the sales were at $5@5½ per lb.

WEDNESDAY.—Beef cattle—At market—1000 head cattle, including 900 taken to New York, 300 swine and 1500 sheep sold at Shad's and 1000 at Mowry's. Prices—The bulk of the sales were at $4@4½ per lb. Sheep—The market is dull at $4@4½ per lb. Hogs—The bulk of the sales were at $5@5½ per lb.

THURSDAY.—Beef cattle—At market—1000 head cattle, including 900 taken to New York, 300 swine and 1500 sheep sold at Shad's and 1000 at Mowry's. Prices—The bulk of the sales were at $4@4½ per lb. Sheep—The market is dull at $4@4½ per lb. Hogs—The bulk of the sales were at $5@5½ per lb.

FRIDAY.—Beef cattle—At market—1000 head cattle, including 900 taken to New York, 300 swine and 1500 sheep sold at Shad's and 1000 at Mowry's. Prices—The bulk of the sales were at $4@4½ per lb. Sheep—The market is dull at $4@4½ per lb. Hogs—The bulk of the sales were at $5@5½ per lb.

SATURDAY.—Beef cattle—At market—1000 head cattle, including 900 taken to New York, 300 swine and 1500 sheep sold at Shad's and 1000 at Mowry's. Prices—The bulk of the sales were at $4@4½ per lb. Sheep—The market is dull at $4@4½ per lb. Hog

Selected Poetry.

THE CRUSHED HEART.

BY JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

Oh! pen, could'st, bleeding heart, for thee
There is no blow on earth,
No sear to light thy destiny,
Nor love, nor smile, nor mirth;
A chink and heavy cloud is spread
Upon thy once fair sky!
While all thy hopes, once sear'd and dead,
Within thy bosom lie.

Ah, then it is with life's short day,
From childhood's earliest hour!
The heart soon breaks in agony,
And withers like a flower:
The most or sorest lights the sky
With beauty's kindling ray,
Till all our dreams of happiness die,
And pass from earth away.

The friends I pris'd the most bosom'd,
While there who liv'd me best!
Have long been in the church-yard laid
With clods upon their breast!
And not a scene they possess'd shou'd,
Am hour they gave to me,
But seem by contrast more endear'd,
To mark thy misery.

The hopes I cherish'd with delight,
Which youthful fancy rears,
To which I gave my day, my night,
My brightest, happiest years,
Are scatter'd like the leaves that fall
On Autumn's dying bed,
When Winter flings his icy pall
O'er Nature's withered head.

Oh, poor Crushed Heart! how oft it seems
As though thy pulse had fled,
And all thy lov'd memories dreams
Were numbered with the dead!
The happy, bitcher scenes long past,
That never will re-turn
Upon the present—darkness cast,
Like moonlight, on our urn.

Oh, that I had not been—nor known
The beautiful and fair
That from this glorious world have flown
And left me despair!
Oh that the lov'd, who still remain,
Had been as they—no more—
Then this poor heart could rest complain,
Nor death's dark presence woo.

The morning's sun—the noon—the last cast—
The evening shades the sky!
I'm tending to the lonely tomb—
Where all the secrets die;
My wing is broken—spirit crush'd!
Poor heart, thou'rt torn and riv'd,
But all my woes will soon be hush'd,
In yonder calm, high Heaven.

Domestic Happiness.

MR. CAUDLE'S BREAKFAST TALK.

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING HOW MR. CAUDLE ASSAIL PERPLEXED WITH DOMESTIC EVASIVE.

"Is it not a most extraordinary thing that I can't sit down to enjoy a bit to breakfast, but under my nose there's a paper for lasses? *To post bees and end its Season's funds!* No!—it's your fault, Mrs. Caudle you know that such things at such a time always affect my appetite, and it's my belief that you have 'em put there to save your cupboard. Taxes—taxes! What! *You don't smoke sir?* No, but what's quite as bad, you're always plaguing me about them. I can't help saying it, Mrs. Caudle but what a much nicer wife you'd be, if there was no money.

"But I know it: when a woman likes to be extravagant, let a man do what he will he's no match for her. I see that every day. Only yesterday I saw an old coat of mine—a very good coat too—at old Diggus. Ha! I may just as well be used to turn my left-off clothes into beautiful rags. But then to be sure she had some respect for my exertions. She used to calculate how and where the money came from. But, I must say, I've no confidence in what's spent here.

No, indeed. Mrs. Caudle, I'm not a cruel, unjust man—nor have I anything of the tyrant about me—not a bit. But when you happen to be a little younger than their husbands—and that, I know it to be sure, was your fault when I married you—they are apt to indulge in expense and—I trust sir—in that last lessee's fall that came in, I don't at all understand. I'm sure by the socks that's down to me, anybody would think I was a centipede. . . . Caudle, be glad can't help sometimes—. . . . Caudle, be glad or I should be miserable—but I can't help now and then thinking that what I've paid for honesty, you've worn in velvet and silk.

"If I could only be sure of this, I should know very well how to act. Then my course would be plain enough. What! *If you do not sure*, why do you? Oh, there can be nothing lost by that. For if a woman is blamed when she doesn't deserve it, she's none more time or other to escape when she does, so there's nothing thrown away, blame her when you will.

"With this liberal axiom, Caudle took his hat observing to his wampum wife that he might be home to dinner, and he might not."

CHAPTER XI.

SHOWING HOW MR. CAUDLE THOUGHT HOMEWARD VERY MUCH.

"Anything particular, my dear in the paper—I mean anything in the military way: *What do I mean?* Oh, nothing. Ha! ha! A little joke of mine—just a little joke. What do you think of the cavalry regiment? *What, are I drawing at?* No, thing at all. I thought you might have seen the They go by the window, you know, twice a day *What of it?* Nothing, to be sure. Only, it is odd—I must say it is odd, that one of my own young fellow with sandy mustaches—always turns his head towards that house. I say it's odd—slightly odd. Now, you can't say, he's looking for Miss Loveday. She's gone—thank heaven! at last. I wanted till she went before I spoke, because I know how women will stand by one another.

"Well, Miss Loveday is gone—do you hear me, Mrs. Caudle—and still that fellow with the sandy mustaches looks towards the house. Now, I think that's something very odd. And I should like to know what he's looking for? What? *I'd better not him?* I shall take my own opinion as to that. Mrs. Caudle I have no way to say this much—that there was a woman—the never, never caused me the fingernache. That I had never lost that we mean! Did I ever say such? Ha! I never gave herself airs about her beauty. What! *She smiles?* Mrs. Caudle, I don't wish to say a harsh thing of anybody—but I think it's pretty well in all good temper to say, that you are not fit to stir the tea of that blessed woman. She never looked about her—never stared at anybody but her own husband when she went out. She never thought there was another such in the world. But I do, served to lose her—I didn't think enough of her then.

"If my soldier had dared to look twice at my home she was in, she'd have shown what she felt at a wife, and closed every shutter. But she did know her duty—I wish other people did."

Upon that, the second Mrs. Caudle—poor ill-used soul—simply remarked that "she knew he was a brute," and left him with his own bad thoughts, and his own bolster.

CHAPTER XII.

SHOWING HOW MR. CAUDLE LEFT HIS WIFE A WIDOW, HIS SERVICES OF HIS COUNTRY.

Mr. Caudle, ere he left this world, had much more "Breakfast Talk" with his unfortunate wife, but it is believed we have given the most salient beats of his discourse, for his fingers were like the church bells, they scarcely rang the same tune twice running. For the reason who believed in the declaration of the first Mrs. Caudle that her husband "was really so aggressive a man" when her pleasure that "the world would at last know him as well as she did," the comfort of the individual towards the connexed and undistrance Mrs Postyman may not affect one prise. Caudle himself, however set up an ingenious if not a credible defence. Postlyman, his brother-in-law, had now and then remonstrated with him. "I don't mean to—he says—my sis, I mean nothing. I'm very fond of Caudle, nothing could part us; it's only a habit, my ill treatment—nothing but a habit."

"A habit!" cried Postlyman, "why, that's what we complain of! That's what we want you to get rid of."

"Impossible, my dear boy—quite impossible. Having lived so many years with the late Mrs. Caudle—though I believe her to be a sainted woman notwithstanding—how can I be so expected that I shouldn't retain a natural use of my liberty? You don't suppose I was going to suffer Mrs. Caudle the second to be only another Mrs. Caudle the first—no one I bet the bore the other way."

"And this is your defence?" cried Postlyman.

"My excellent friend," said Caudle, "had temper's matching. Therefore let folks become how they come together. If I've been a little bit of a tyrant in my second marriage, the only second it was a slave in the first; and all tyrants, my dear boy, are only slaves turned inside out."

"I can make nothing of that figure," said Postlyman, "but this: that in most marriages there are faults on both sides."

Exactly so," answered Caudle, "and both I've known.—*End of the Caudle lectures.*

Ladies' Boudoir.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

"Under this head, Miss Wallace, of the Boston Transcript, addresses an excellent article to her sex. Her strictures will apply to other places besides Boston. We copy her article, though we presume some of our fair readers come within the scope of its admonitions.

"Hurt not, dear reader! We do not like the subject as usually discussed, any better than you do, nor are we going after the manner of certain champions for the rights of woman, to the property of *feminine* sway," which we take to be the true phrase which designates what some persons argue for under the head of the equality of the sexes. We mean only to apply the caption to a circumstance of daily life which we think demands a speedy remedy. There are certain acts of courtesy, which in polite life, seem to cover the rights of women, and we mean, with especial regard to her appearance in public. In church she has the head seat in the new assigned her, and on the public promenade, the inside of the walk; whilst in travelling, not unfrequently, she has the best position in the coach relinquished to her, and so on through a long catalogue. There are some places, however, where we find that she has no right to expect any *peculiar privilege*, and here we come to the main point of our paragraph. It is well known that the benches of the Howard Athenæum are all numbered, and that an individual purchasing tickets for any particular bench, does not purchase also the right to any particular seats on that bench. Now there is little choice indeed given to the ear in the middle of the theatre, whilst there is much difference in those on the sides. The best seats on the side benches are as good as any in the house, but the *end seats* are quite inferior for any view of the stage. Those who go first have a right to the best seat, whether men or women, and those who have purchased should follow in order of succession. A right to a seat as a particular bench, as we said before, has been purchased, but *not a right to any particular seat on that bench.* Now, it has happened that we have seen those head seats occupied by gentlemen whom we more or desire to obtain them has prompted an early attendance. Presently a party of ladies arrives, and with a most perplexing effusitory (such as properly belongs to none but the clerster sex) these females have rudely pushed by the males and have attained the desirable seats. We saw this manœuvre most successfully put into practice a few evenings since, and whilst we blushed for the gentler sex, we admired the resignation of those gentlemen, who with astonishment deported on their faces, relinquished the places that they occupied for half an hour to a party of females and to the escort also who was with them! Here is a case where we think that women have no exclusive rights. The same price is paid for all tickets, and no females have a right to start up a party of gentlemen who have gained upon them in point of time, and to take the head of the bench, as they would of a pew in church where the rights of courtesy or ownership guided the regulations.

WILSON'S GRAVE.

The following exquisite lines were written, after reading the wish of Wilson, the celebrated Ornithologist, that they would bury him where the birds might sing over his grave. It may not be generally known that the wish of the young genius was granted attached to the old Swedes Church, Philadelphia. At the time of his decease, he was a stranger in the act of town, and close to the shady bank of the river. The church was approached by a winding path of cross, and was celebrated for its rural beauty. There they buried Wilson, in just such a spot as he desired. But alas! was the scheming that soon encroached the cemetery, and the Ornithologist lies where the clank of steamers and the noise of ship building resounds o'er his grave.

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak or waving pine,
Or old elm bower—far from the haunts of men,
Let me be laid.

Is this dim lonely pre,
No fast intrusive wit disturb my feet.
But o'er and around the wild birds shall hover,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnal stones,
Or coffins dark and thick with unseen mould,
With unmoved pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my head.

But let the dewy rose,
The snow drop and the violet, lend perfume,
Above the grave of my greeny tomb.
I take repose

Near after year,
While the silver birch tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

And at the purple dawn of day,
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the thrill gaol shall pipe her song of love,
When eve greens dim and gray.

The blackbird and the thrush,
The golden robin shall fly around,
And weaken with a mellow gust of sound
The leafy solitude.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock on stormy wings,
And sear above my grave and sing,
Singing a dirge to me.

Salmagundi.

☞ It is painful, (says a western print) to see what horrible work many writers make in quoting from well known authors. An acquaintance of ours, writing to lately, had occasion to quote what he intended to be, this couplet from Milton:

"Come, then goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven ycleep Eupsosyne"—

and how, reader, do you think he had it? It was thus:—

"Come, then goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven ye crop, *You from a tree*—"

☞ Bellenden, in Simplicissimus, "Did you take the note and did you see Mr. Jones, Jack?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how was he?"

"Why he looked pretty well, but he's very thin."

"Him! what do you mean?"

"Why, sir, he's not so fat as he was, he and me what my last was and it was on my head all the while."

☞ A man can be instructed by every thing around him. The fly that buzzes by his ear—the pebble at his feet—the drop of rain and the snow flake, will teach useful and important lessons to the student of Nature. There is not an insect or a grain, that might not employ him through life. Nature is a large book: what we consider trifles are useful learers in the great volume Happy is he who reads them attentively.

☞ If you wish to enjoy life, avoid unprincipled people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your rule not only to be honest yourself, but to have nothing to do with persons of a corrupt character. Better to be poor than to be associated with the wicked.

☞ A sailor about being married, could not find change enough for the parson's fee. The kind-hearted gentleman unwilling to see a couple without the accustomed fee, procured it, presenting his hand in his pocket, drew out a few shillings, and said, "Never mind, brother, marry us as far as it will go."

Notes in a Bowling Alley.—Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Campbell——

Hem.—Being Campbell, is that you rolling?

Camp.—Yes, it is.

Ham.—Is it, rolling rapidly?—*Best Post.*

☞ The artic fez is said to promote the art of bathing in true vantriloquism, so that the sound appears to be several rods distant, when in fact the animal lies at your feet.

☞ "Will you take a pinch of snuff, Mr Specimen?" "No, I thank you; if my nose had been intended for a dust-hole, it would have been placed the other side up."

☞ A heart dead to the claims of man cannot be alive to the claims of God; and religion ceases Socrates on the ground whom humanity withers.

"Your liberality does you great credit. But can I do anything for you?"

"I reckon. You see, the fact is, Squire, they have office property, and I'm a right nice man to Orleans, and how all-fired easy it is to make money on it, but it's no 'hasn' and all 'housing,' I reckon, for I'm not in the line of the business, and you're a land and office gentlemen employment?"

"If you and the other gentlemen will vote for the laber which I am having done, and for the wages which I pay, five dollars a day, the terrible shadow of the corner night long hours every day. No other animal could survive it. Take the horse, for instance. He has a master, a driver, a groom, and put an oaken plank beneath him, and god the whole with a bed-cord and demand of him work. He would labor, indeed, but it attach much he breech."

☞ Bonaparte was accustomed to attach much importance to the education of youth by their natural instructresses, their mothers.

Choice Poem.

ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Isabella, Infanta of Parma, and consort of Joseph of Austria, predicted her own death, immediately after her marriage with the Emperor. Amidst the gayety and splendor of Vienna and Presburg, she was reserved and thoughtful, and often spoke of the tomb as her home, her view of the future, and that her child, the successor of the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her. Her prediction was fulfilled."

Make the palace bowers of Hungary—imperial Presburg's pride—
With the rarest and beautiful assembled at her side.
She stood, beneath the stammer heaven—the soft winds fanning
Her brow of thought, and lofty eye, and queenly bearing.

Stirring the grass and arching bough, like dancers in the dew.

The beautiful pomegranate's gold, the snowy orange blossom,
The velvet and the creeping vine, the rose's lavish perfume—
The wealth crossing with its green some statue's marble hair—
All that might charm th' exquisite sense, or light the soul, was there.

But she—a monarch's treasured one—knew'l gloomily upon
With her dark eye tearfully cast down and a shadow on her brow,
Young, beautiful, and dearly loved, what sorrow hath she known?
What cause for tears and sounds of all hold sacred as her own?

Is not her lord the kingliest in battle field or bower?—
The foremost in the council-hall, or at the banquet-board?
Is not his love as pure and deep as his own Tuscan vale?
And wherefore is her princely home weeper Isabel, his bride?

She cased her jewel'd hand and flung her veiling tresses back,
Raising its snowy tapering within their glossy black—
And in the longer heaven—its wild and passionate beauty
And fringed robe shook fearfully upon her sighing breast—

"Smile on, smile on," she murmur'd low, "for all is joy around thee,
Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky, soft airs and blue—
The most the light of heart should smile when nature's self is gay—
And melody and fragrance meet, twin sisters of the air!

"But not on me to share with you the beauty of the hour,
The feminine full, sensor walk, and tessellated green;
And point not to the mild blue sky, or glorious summer cloud,
To the dark tree, the silver lake, and weep the sunshine gone.

"To the days, the few short days, of light and life and breath—
Earnest not of the nearness grave—the voiceless home of death!
Alas! if, knowing, Oh my God! God darkness in the tomb.

"Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and smiled 'mid the Remembrance of my certain doom, which lingers with me still.
I would not cloud our fair child's brow, nor let a tear-drop
The eye that met my wedded lord's, lest it should cast
den him.
But here in moments when the gush of feeling hath its way,
That hidden tide of unnamed woe nor fear nor love may stay.

"Smile on—smile on, light-hearted ones, your sun of joy is high,
Smile on, and leave the doom'd of Heaven alone to weep and die!"

A funeral chant was wailing through Vienna's holy pile,
A coffin with its gorgeous pall was borne along the aisle,
The banners of a kingly race waved high above the bier,
And proud heads bowed.

A mighty band of mourners came—a king and his sorrowful train,
A youthful king, with sorrowful trend and dim and tearful eye—
He had not dream'd that soon so pure an isle fair bride could die!
And cold and wild above the throng the funeral anthem rang—
Mercy for the hope of Austria, mercy for the loved and young."

The wail went up from other lands—the valleys of the Hun,
Fair Parma with its orange bowers and hills of vine and sun,
The lilies of imperial France droop'd as the sound went by—
The long lament of cloister'd Spain was mingled with the cry.

The dwellers in Colosseo's halls, the Hermit in his cave,
The low'd in the Escurial, the Maggiar sternly brave—
All wept the early stricken flower, and loved from misery
Mercy for the dark-eyed Isabel—mercy for the loved and young."

Our Scrap Book.

OWER TRUE TALE.

We copy the following article from a late London paper. It is emphatically a tale of sin and misery, and the most touching manner the ills of poverty, as they are often met with in England and other parts of Europe. In this happy country, we have no poor laws which compel us to flee from a fiend Republican government, we can hardly imagine to ourselves the existence of a state of society, where individuals suffer to cross, caused by poverty, are of daily occurrence:—

Mr. Wakley M. P. held an inquest on Tuesday, on the body of Ann Geraghty, a blacksmith, aged 37, who committed suicide, and attempted to kill her child, by cutting its throat. The wife of the deceased stated that her husband was out of work, and all they had to live upon was what his brother earned as a cab driver. On Saturday morning his death they lay in bed all day, as they had nothing to eat. During that week he attempted to thrice cut her throat, and on the previous Friday week in a frenzy leaped into the street out of the window to save his life. Her husband then endeavored to hang himself. He tied a rope round his neck, and fastened it to a bar, for which he was paid two shillings. When he returned home he exclaimed 'All I have are two shillings, and I have earned the rope.' They will turn us out. What will become of you?' She endeavored to comfort him, but in vain. About nine o'clock at night he took his brother with him to purchase, as he said, two ounces of salts, but would not let his brother go into the druggist's shop with him. He returned home in three minutes, and getting two cups he divided the half of one package in each cup. He drank his, and said, 'I am going to take what salts, I have got no ounce for you and no ounce for myself. It will do you good. He drank off his and after his friends had swallowed theirs, threw her on the bed holding in his hand an open razor, and exclaimed, 'I am not going to leave you for any one else.' She struggled, and after the child was taken away, and called for help, when he said, 'If you cry out, I'll cut your throat from ear to ear.' He then commenced herself from his grasp, and succeeded in opening the door and procuring assistance. He however, pulled her back and kissed her, after which he made an effort to snatch the remainder of the poison from the landlady, but she threw it into the fire. A doctor was sent for but he was a corpse before his arrival. They were in the deepest poverty. The last article she pawned was her apron, and she had not had a bonnet for the three in which she then appeared. Her husband was an exemplary man, sober, industrious, steady young man. They never quarrelled. There is one night whilst out of employ, he drew a razor across her throat, and on one occasion he drew nails into the door to keep himself. The secretaried that he had brought two ounces or snuffs and instead of salts, with a portion of which he poisoned himself. Rich and Grainger, brother of the deceased, confirmed the last witness's evidence. Although he was seven years of age, so stained as his parents and in poverty-stricken was he, that he appeared to be not

AMERICAN HUMOR.

VIOLATING THE TREATY.

[We are indebted to Messrs. Carey & Hart, publishers, for permissions to copy the above cut from "Pickings from the Pamphlet," a volume of humorous sketches, of which we spoke last week. We are also indebted to the same publishers for permission to copy the two following mirth-moving sketches, the first of which is illustrated by the above admirable engraving.]

VIOLATING THE TREATY.

Among the appellants for justice at the Recorder's office yesterday, was Dennis Donovan, a hodman, whose wondrous wan hung on his shoulder, like the guitar of a troubadour, are the days of chivalry had gone by, and the latter in the middle of the theatre, whilst there is much difference in those on the sides. The head seats on the side benches are as good as any in the house, but the *end seats* are quite inferior for any view of the stage. Those who go first have a right to the head seat, whether men or women, and those who have purchased should follow in order of succession. A right to a seat as a particular bench, as we said before, has been purchased, but *not a right to any particular seat on that bench.* Now, it has happened that we have seen those head seats occupied by gentlemen whom we more or desire to obtain them has prompted an early attendance. Presently a party of ladies arrives, and with a most perplexing effusitory (such as properly belongs to none but the clerster sex) these females have rudely pushed by the males and have attained the desirable seats. We saw this manœuvre most successfully put into practice a few evenings since, and whilst we blushed for the gentler sex, we admired the resignation of those gentlemen, who with astonishment deported on their faces, relinquished the places that they occupied for half an hour to a party of females and to the escort also who was with them! Here is a case where we think that women have no exclusive rights. The same price is paid for all tickets, and no females have a right to start up a party of gentlemen who have gained upon them in point of time, and to take the head of the bench, as they would of a pew in church where the rights of courtesy or ownership guided the regulations.

WILSON'S GRAVE.

The following exquisite lines were written, after reading the wish of Wilson, the celebrated Ornithologist, that they would bury him where the birds might sing over his grave. It may not be generally known that the wish of the young genius was granted attached to the old Swedes Church, Philadelphia. At the time of his decease, he was a stranger in the act of town, and close to the shady bank of the river. The church was approached by a winding path of cross, and was celebrated for its rural beauty. There they buried Wilson, in just such a spot as he desired. But alas! was the scheming that soon encroached the cemetery, and the Ornithologist lies where the clank of steamers and the noise of ship building resounds o'er his grave.

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak or waving pine,
Or old elm bower—far from the haunts of men,
Let me be laid.

Is this dim lonely pre,
No fast intrusive wit disturb my feet.
But o'er and around the wild birds shall hover,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnal stones,
Or coffins dark and thick with unseen mould,
With unmoved pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my head.

But let the dewy rose,
The snow drop and the violet, lend perfume,
Above the grave of my greeny tomb.
I take repose

Near after year,
While the silver birch tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

And at the purple dawn of day,
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the thrill gaol shall pipe her song of love,
When eve greens dim and gray.

The blackbird and the thrush,
The golden robin shall fly around,
And weaken with a mellow gust of sound
The leafy solitude.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock on stormy wings,
And sear above my grave and sing,
Singing a dirge to me.

Choice Selections.

The Bank of Genoa.—Mr. Bentley, in his interesting volume of travels entitled "Letters from a Lady," gives the following glowing description of the bells of Genoa:

"Genoa, the de Gest titles, I saw the bells of the city, the Murchioness of Balbi. I was glad to see what the Italians regarded as beauty, and was surprised to find that they did not exhibit the same fancy chains of the Saxon race. She one beautiful—very, but of that kind of beauty I do not particularly admire. Her head was full waves of the dull kind. But oh, such spirits, and a dazzling quantity of diamonds!—one almost needed to shield his eyes to look on her. The value of Milan was variously estimated, but the average estimate seemed to put them at two hundred thousand dollars! But even her diamonds could not outshine the sparkling joy of her countenance. I never saw a being float so through a saloon; as if her body were a feather, and her soul the agency that floated it. It made me sigh to look on her."

☞ A coarcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls said, "I do believe of Moses I have no doubt I was the golden calf."

"Very likely," replied a lady, "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

☞ The Uncle Sam says it is agreeable to sleep in a straight near the hosier, and contrast the sequence would be that it is carry ing one about, as he doubts whether that heifer will hold out to the end of the trip

☞ There is a hot spring down east, where all the shoulder-hitters go to bathe, and they report at a great saving of expense for fuel. An editor came near being put in, as his wife thinkies, for a cabbage.

Juvenile Department

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 is a river in Indian Wyster.
My 5, 6, 4, is used for fishing.
My 9, 14, 6, 11, 12, 20, is the name of a sea.
My 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, is the name of a River.
My 5, 15, 16, 4, 16, 20, 14, is made of clay.
My 6, 18, 1, 5, 4, is a measure of length.
My 7, 18, 15, is a narrow inlet of water.
My 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, is the name of States.
My 9, 19, 3, 15, is the name of a Bank in Pennsylvania.
My 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, is a period often used by Daniel O'Connell.
My 15, 14, 5, is a public place.
My 17, 16, 7, 14, 5, is the name of a fruit.
My 13, 20, 4, a a small insect.
My 13, 20, 4, a a measure.
My 15, 9, 13, 4, 5 used for food.
My 18, 15, 22, 4, 5, 20, 15, 6, is one of the feasts.
My 17, 13, 14, 15, is the name of a place.
My 15, 7, 20, 6, is the name of a large fish.
My 12, 14, 6, 19, 5, was the name of a spy.
My 16, 20, 21, 4, as shade.
My 21, 15, 9, 11, 13, is the name of a country.
My 22, 20, 14, 4, 5 is the name of a tree.
My 23, 13, 20, 7, 4, was a celebrated painter.

My whole is the name of a Secretary in this State.

THOS. L. STAFFORD.
Phila.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, is a river in Tennessee
My 6, 5, 11, 8, 10, 3, 11, is a canal which connects Massachusetts with the Hudson River.
My 4, 3, 13, 12, 3, 9, 2, is a canal which connects Macon with Darien, Georgia.
My 1, 2, 3, 13, 1, 8, 11, is a river in South Carolina.
My 7, 14, 13, 9, 5, is a country in Mississippi.
My 15, 7, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, is a river in Pennsylvania.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, is a county in Tennessee.
My 4, 5, 15, 12, 13, 7, 9, 10, 11 vitally in Mississippi.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, is a cape on the coast of North Carolina.
My whole is the name of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence
A solution to the above is requested.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.

Randolph Mason Wyatt.

Answered correctly by Jos. Mee, Orel Leas, Sam. Dello, Turia, Yeamo, Aden, Rivia, Cuelo, Mary Ann, Ellen Wilson, Sarah Jane Stewart, Belle Cuelo, Leonor Mayo, J. B Herron

Agricultural.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF DRAINING LAND.

We remember well the time when the idea of farming and beauty ploughing was so intimately and inseparably blended with that of poverty, that wherever we saw a piece of land that was constantly round that it was never laid in its entirety we set down that spot as one that would not fail to bring a hoary crop—especially of grass: and we hardly remember to have seen a piece of land in this way the common impression. Inquiry, reflection and experience are, however, now doing for agriculture what they have done for other pursuits, and now, fortunately the mind is brought to work at every turn, and empiricism and prejudice are made to give way before investigation and principle;